

THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. 5.

JUNE, 1848.

NO. 6.

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

"WHY, bless me, neighbor, are you quite sure you are yourself, and not somebody else?" cried Jonathan Fogg, as he chanced to discover the shrewd face of John Hammond in the midst of a throng issuing from the portals of an Episcopal church. "How long since you changed your sentiments, man alive? When did you join them that won't allow that other churches have any ministers; eh?"

"I joined them when the bell rang, to be sure. I have not changed my sentiments very lately, that I know of. I may, however, if I should see any better ones to be had. I don't pretend that I have got quite all the light that ever shone out of the Day Star. I am apt to believe that even people I don't worship with commonly, have a few rays, at least, to their own share; yes, and may possibly see some things clearly which I have not yet had a glimpse of."

"I should not wonder, I declare, if, the next thing, I should see you, with your wife at your side, — (I beg pardon, Mrs. Hammond, but I believe you'd uphold John, if he saw fit to turn Mahometan!) I say I should not be surprised to see you and your wife seated in the midst of yonder Unitarian congregation, and listening with decent gravity to a discourse on things in general, and no creeds nor systems in particular."

"I don't want to hear any preach Calvin, nor Wesley, nor Channing, nor this creed and that. Wherever they preach *Christ*, I'll listen gladly, and so, I'll be bound for her, will my wife too."

"You're so easy suited, you'll be gadding to the Universalist chapel, next time your own church is shut."

"Likely enough; why not? When our shepherd does not call us together, I like to gad, and see how other pastors feed Christ's flocks."

"Go and chew the cud in a Quaker's meeting then, John; you'd be mightily improved there, I'm thinking. How you'd look, sitting among the silent broad-brims, staring straight before you, thinking over some sentence Brother Ephraim or Sister Tabitha was just moved to utter."

"I might be in worse company than among the consistent followers of the Prince of Peace."

"The Quakers I always liked, take them by and large. They're a good set of people enough, to my notion. But ah, John, John! it is nonsense for you to think we can all be like Quakers, in this world of contention. We must resist, or be trampled."

"Say *and* for *or*," said Mrs. Hammond.

"Don't know, ma'am, as that follows of course. It depends on which party is the weakest."

"True; fighting is nothing but a trial of strength and fury. It leaves the question of right just where it was before. Such a mode of disputing ought to be left to brutes who have not reason, and cannot appeal to the right."

"If you don't know it, my good woman, let me tell you, that Satan reigns too generally in this wicked world for fighting to go out of fashion in our day. Appeal to the right! A woman's notion of things! Pho—who minds right not backed by might, hey? or wrong either?"

"Don't *you*, Jonathan?" said Mrs. Hammond, laughing.

"Well, yes, to be sure. I would not wrong a baby, or a fool, let alone my equal, who could stand up for himself. But I an't much better than the rest of the world. When I meet with opposition or provocation, and my blood is up, I forget whether I was right or wrong to begin with, and what is more, I do not care. I think of nothing but how I shall beat. —How dye do, Pat Fagin?"

They were passing a Catholic church, marked as such no less by the broad Irish faces that were grouped about the doors, than by the cross upon the cupola.

"John, John Hammond," whispered Fogg, "how is this flock fed, I wonder?"

"That depends a good deal upon the character of the priest, of course," says John. "If he is a good man, there is no clergyman who can do more good than he can, I can tell you. His people give themselves up to him, body, soul, and estate, and follow him like sheep that know the shepherd's voice."

"That's why some think the Roman Catholic religion is dangerous to our free institutions," began Jonathan, in a loud key, which sunk to a whisper, as Mrs. Hammond touched his elbow, and said in a low voice, "Father Donahue!"

John touched his hat as the Catholic clergyman turned his face towards them in passing by. The salutation was returned with a pleasant smile. Jonathan Fogg neither bowed nor smiled.

"I am always suspicious of those fellows," said he. "It's enough for me, their keeping the Bible away from their people, and teaching 'em just what they've a mind to."

"They can't do that in this country, as I see," said Mrs. Hammond.

"And Father Donahue, at least, does not want to do it," said John.

"How do *you* know?" asked Jonathan, gruffly.

"By what he said to Mike Kelly, whom my wife has been teaching to read, to pay him for sifting her coal ashes."

"Pshaw, John!" cried Mrs. Hammond, pouting a little. "All in the way of neighborly kindness, Jonathan; not a bargain."

"I know. Come — says the priest to Mike, says he —" suggested Jonathan, with gossiping curiosity.

"'Mike,' says Father Donahue, 'I am very glad you've learned to read; and my blessing on them that helped you,' says he. 'Mike, read the Bible; the Catholic edition, if it's at hand, but it don't make much difference. Read *any* Bible; it will do you good.'"

"Really! I'll tell my wife that. She is dreadfully worried whenever she hears of a Catholic church. I verily believe she wishes them all burnt as the Convent was."

"Meaning to offer seats in her own church to all the Catholic emigrants, I suppose, then," said Mrs. Hammond.

"They would not be in any hurry to come there, I reckon," said Jonathan, laughing, "if she *could* provide for them all so generously. But just think what a church full it would make, to invite even the workmen and the servant girls employed by our own folks! To see Hobbs the bricklayer with his pew full of hod carriers, elbowing his pretty daughters, and making every body round sick with pipe-smoke and rum, every breath they breathe out!"

"And how much would they understand, I wonder!"

"Not one word in a hundred, of our parson's discourses about predestination, election, and so-on—for I don't always see much into them myself, though my wife is always ready to explain everything I don't understand. She knows what's what! She's strong against the Catholics, I tell ye, and don't like the Episcopalians much better, nor yet the Unitarians, and as for the Baptists,—"

"Tell her from me," said John, "to wish well to all churches and ministers that call Christ master. The laborers are few, and she need not wish them fewer. There is no Christian church that does n't teach trust in God, and love and justice to man. God help them all."

"I think I can see you, John, kneeling among pictures and images, and saying, 'Hail, Mary, Mother of God!'"

'Better that, with a devout heart, than 'Hail, Satan, prince of this world, who hast nothing in Christ!'"

"Well! you don't say so! Really!"

"The tempter finds no lack of worshippers, when he offers them the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them, in this our day and generation," remarked Mrs. Hammond.

"True," said her husband, "and there is no law, human or divine, they durst not break, nor no danger they won't face, to serve their master."

"Show me a church dedicated to the Father of lies, Mr. John, and I'll look and see who are the worshippers Mrs. Hammond talks about. I am sure *I* don't know any people that cry 'Hail, Satan!'"

"The believers in the Satanic creed are not likely to be church going people, one would think," said John. "But in all the churches there are hearers whose ears are waxed gross, so that for justice and righteousness, they hear the

divine right of the strongest, and for mercy some lying cant about extending free institutions, and so on."

"I suppose I know what your drift is now," said Jonathan. "I don't myself approve of all the papers which I lend you say: But they must live, you know, and in order to live they must—"

"Feed the popular vanity, yes, and worse passions than that," says John. "I know that. But why you are obliged to swallow their stuff, unless you like it, I don't so plainly see."

"Nor I," echoed Mrs. Hammond. "He likes it."

"I don't!" cried Jonathan angrily. "I saw what you marked with a pencil, in the editorials—and I tell you, I don't approve of it, no, no more than you do."

"O but you like it, without approving it," said Mrs. Hammond, "as you liked orchard robbing when a boy."

"Confess, now," said John, "you are mightily taken with the grand idea that the peace with Mexico, such as it is, is but a hollow pretence, to get possession of the conquered lands, and that it is to be broken on the first pretext, that we may grasp more, and finally possess all South America!"

"I confess it's no land of ours, and we've no business with it. You see I agree with you. We haven't a shadow of a right to anything beyond Texas, and can't make a right by talking about pay for the war, and all that. Now I hope you understand. But now what is going to restrain a mighty and brave people like ours, now they have once felt their power? You need not say religion, for that has not restrained them so far, and what can you expect for the future? The editor of my paper sees as far as most people, that's my opinion."

"Satan's preaching," said Mrs. Hammond, "God is mocked, as if no retribution could possibly come upon so mighty a nation as we are. But evil deeds are just like seeds. They'll have their consequences, as surely, just as surely, when they are done by many, as when *one* man breaks God's law, in a private manner."

"You talk as though we Americans coveted our neighbors' land, and shed their blood to get it, for our own good alone," said Fogg. "We are wrong, I don't deny that, Mrs. Hammond, though some say it's all right, for vengeance, and in-

demnity, and so forth. I only say, it is not so bad, since we give the Mexicans the same rights as ourselves, as fast as we conquer them. They've no reason to complain, you see. To the end of the chapter we shall, we must admit them to the Union."

"Bless you, Jonathan," broke in John, "what's the meaning of a *Union*? How long will it be a *Union*? A pretty sort of compulsory union there will be, between Mexicans and Americans. We have a brotherly, cordial way of *admitting* our neighbors to a share of our free institutions, as you call them. Very free they have found our institutions, so far as they have yet had a trial of them. Our paternal government takes great care of the property and resources of our new brethren. Our disinterested desire to extend the area of freedom must have already gained their confidence. They are prepared to be patriotic and trustworthy citizens, no doubt. The vote of a Mexican —"

"Won't they be charmed, Jonathan, to be admitted to the free institution of slavery, which, to their honor, they long ago got rid of? It ought to put us to the blush, that they, sooner than we, have learned to abhor and despise it." Mrs. Hammond had cut short John's oration upon citizenship in a way which some husbands, less sincerely the champions of equality and freedom, would have found it hard to forgive. He smiled at his wife's earnestness, however, and looked at Jonathan, as much as to say, "I have not said my say, but answer that. I'll wait."

"Well, you may have noticed, Mrs. Hammond, my papers have nothing to say in favor of slavery, but they know everybody is sick and tired of the subject, and as northern men, we have nothing to do with it. If they're strong antislavery at the other end of the Union, so much the better. By and by, let 'em vote it out. They're just the ones to do it."

"Good!" said John, with the half smile with which he knew how to provoke Jonathan's curiosity and anger at the same time.

"Well, and what of it?" said Jonathan, looking sulkily the other way, as if he had not observed John's comic glance at him.

"I think I see our orderly and intelligent Mexican fellow-

citizens," said John, "travelling to town-meeting, in company with their brethren, the amiable Camanches ——"

"Here and there a noble-minded American, with bayonet and revolver, I suppose," commented Mrs. Hammond.

"Making a senator of some guerilla chief, perhaps, with a grand Spanish name, who must be wholly subservient to a military President, perchance the valiant General Pillow, who has been floated into the Presidency, (and he boasts of it,) upon rivers of Mexican blood."

"Goodbye," said Jonathan, shortly.

"What's the hurry?" asked John.

"I must go home to supper."

"We are going your way. If you are hungry, I can walk faster," said Mrs. Hammond, archly. She rather exulted to see that Jonathan was in a pet. But therein she showed little sagacity, for

He that's convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

To make Jonathan take up the defence of what he did not approve, was not very wise, since it put his mind in the wrong attitude for that entire conviction, which involves a change of action.

But John put his hand on his neighbor's shoulder, and said seriously, "I hope I have not given you any offence; God knows, I did not intend it. If friends can't speak out, openly, to each other, who can? Would you have me hide my thoughts from you? Shall I be a hypocrite, so that you could not trust me; and trim everything I say to please you, as if I wanted to make something out of you? *I've* no ax to grind, have I?"

Jonathan laughed, and said, "Maybe you've a point to carry, though."

"Only to get you to open your eyes. You're an honest fellow, as honest a fellow as ever lived; and honest fellows are the majority of our people. That's just what makes them so easily blinded by false pretences and high sounding speeches."

"Thankee," said Fogg, taking John's offered hand, and shaking it with all his might. "You're a sensible man, and sensible on't, everybody knows."

"Everybody *don't* know," said Mrs. Hammond. "I tell him to talk more, and not hide his candle under a bushel."

"Don't you think now, he's just the man for the Presidency, Mrs. Hammond? Haw, haw! Have you any objection to being nominated, John? Hey?"

John was out of countenance, and annoyed at Fogg's railery. But Mrs. Hammond clapped her hands, and declared that she wished they might get as good a man at the helm.

"So do I, sincerely," said Jonathan, in a hearty tone — for his joke had put him in good humor again. "If I knew so conscientious and independent a candidate, I'd vote for him, hoping for another Washington, and never ask for great talents, nor party power; and now, we're agreed." c. w. l.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES KENNARD, JR.

(Continued.)

BY MRS. C. W. H. DALL.

"THOUGH our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

Of James Kennard's literary character, it is not my intention to speak at length. That is founded upon the small portion of his wealth which he was enabled to give to the public through the pages of the *Knickerbocker* or the columns of such humbler journals as he held at command. In 1840, I think, he contributed a valuable review of Alison's "French Revolution," to the columns of the *Christian Examiner*. It was brief and written at a time when he was suffering severely, but it sufficed to show what he intended, namely, how flimsy and miserable a thing that so called history is. It always was his intention to follow up this article by another, convicting the author of some ridiculous plagiarisms, and above all of one very absurd misapplication of an old description of the coast of *Ronoke*, to the shores of the gulf of Mexico. He was always anxious to do thoroughly what he did at all, and in the summer of 1846 I was engaged in historical researches with the above aim. My own state of health, and his severe indisposition, prevented its accomplishment. He spoke of this often after-

wards with great regret, and it is in order to do justice to his wishes that I allude to it here. It was in March, 1846, that I first went, an utter stranger, to Portsmouth. Soon after my arrival, I became a near neighbor to the subject of this notice, and introduced myself to him, by carrying to his sick chamber, one Sabbath evening, at sunset, selections from the Poems of Elizabeth Barrett, then comparatively rare. The manner in which these were received at once convinced me that Portsmouth could offer me no higher pleasures than such as I could receive at his bedside, and from that time until I left the town, I devoted to him at least two hours, and often four, of every day. So highly did I prize the privilege that I permitted nothing but severe illness to interfere with it, and although my residence near him was not unmarked by some severe trials, yet, I would cheerfully encounter those of double force, could I but feel that I should again share a friendship so valuable as his, or submit to a discipline so coveted as that enforced upon me, by the integrity of his clear heart and head. I cannot pay to the deceased a higher compliment; and when indifferent persons spoke to me of my *kindness* to James Kennard, a feeling of indignation swelled in my heart, and my first vehement utterance was, "The kindness is only to myself, I go with a selfish motive chiefly. As to the rest, what prophet ever had deserved honor in his own country?" As a child he had been eminently cheerful and happy. His greatest delight in boyhood was to go up the river to his grandfather's farm. While his playmates were about him, he was as gay as the rest, but when alone, he delighted to pass hours quietly in the woods. At home, he would lie down in the thick tall grass of a field near the house, and among clover blossoms and buttercups, remain hidden for hours. There spoke the promise of the future poet, a promise which — to a judgment like mine, more impulsive than critical — was afterwards abundantly fulfilled in "Midnight Musings" worthy of Longfellow. Nothing gave him so much pleasure, during warm summer nights, in wakeful hours of pain, as the distant rush of the Piscataqua. His gaiety of heart, and great conversational powers, made him a favorite in the social circle, and when his suffering shut him out from this, his gaiety and power remained. There was no moodiness in his view of the past. Caressed and flat-

tered as he had been, he had the strength to stand alone. I had the misfortune to know one person in the town, who was jealous of his personal advantages. He told me one day, with a good deal of amusement, that he had received a pleasant visit from this person. Surprised, I alluded to his state of feeling. "Ah yes!" replied the invalid with an arch smile, "but that is passing off. He is forgetting the past, and as to the future, he trusts to my having but one leg!" How few gifted as he had been, could have spoken thus without pain! There was a minor trait in his character, to which it gives me great pleasure to allude. It was the healthy interest he always manifested in what the world calls trifles. In the sight of God, we may be sure, there is *no* trifle. Deprived of their mother, his sister went to him with every household difficulty; his friends with their peculiar troubles, the public with whatever it misapprehended or misconstrued—all sorts of persons went to his room to discuss all sorts of subjects. James Kennard listened to all with patience, rebuked with moderation and truth, and, whatever he might *hear*, *repeated* only what could benefit others. He corrected false impressions, he stood by the absolute truth, and his opinion was respected in proportion. The people of Portsmouth were all unconscious of the deference they paid to him, but his political power was quite as great as that of the local press, and once, when as a stranger I was personally annoyed by a bit of gossip, and spoke of it to a friend, his reply was, "Oh, it is no matter now. *James Kennard* knows the truth; it will soon follow the lie." I never knew a person whose memory of localities was so distinct. When I sought the hidden residence of the forsaken or the sinful, he was always my best guide. Long as he had been confined to his room, he remembered every turn and building, and could generally tell such as had been erected since he was on the spot. The same clearness of mind was perceptible, in reference to written descriptions. No matter how stupid and blundering the author, he could always unravel the details of a campaign. I read to him a great deal of history, and no matter how confused my brain became, he could always carry me to the centre of the field, and point out the mode of action. I always read to him with a French, English and Latin Dictionary at my side, and an Atlas on my knees. I

described to him the position of an obscure place, and afterwards if either of us were at a loss when the name recurred, it was not he. If in the course of our reading an uncommon word occurred, which I was not scholar enough to *unroot*, I made a memorandum of it, and the first question the next day was, "Well? what does it come from?" This thoroughness is only the ordinary duty of the healthy student, but having spent a large portion of my time with the suffering, I can truly say, that he was the only permanent invalid whom I ever saw, that could bear it. His elbows, shoulders, and wrists, and some of the joints of the fingers, were successively ossified, but while his eyesight lasted, by help of a stick he could turn over the leaves of a book or paper, and even write, in a large angular hand in a narrow column. The beautiful simplicity of the anecdotes presented in his memoranda, is a touching tribute to the purity of his character. I never knew a greater love of God, than that which he felt, nor a stronger faith in Christ. Shortly before his death he said to me, "I seldom speak with *** or — upon religious subjects, because I pain them; I thank you, that you are never afraid, that you are willing to listen to all my speculations. Many people think, I cannot die in peace, believing as I do. Do not forget to do me justice when I am gone. Fortunately, I have minuted with my own hand the hour when the cloud passed away from my eyes." It will be seen by the following extract what were the peculiarities to which he alludes.

NOTE BOOK, FEB. 1844.

"*Parker's Discourses*.—A noble work, containing the spoken thought of a million hearts. It will be assailed by Orthodoxy, and rejected by clergymen, but it points out the truth. From the 5th to the 15th of February, I was filled with a great thought, and could not rest till I had uttered it on paper, at least. Several times during this period, I talked with visitors, on the subject with which my mind was occupied, day and night, sleeping or waking. On Feb. 11th my friend True M. Ball said to me, 'Have you ever read Parker's Sermons?' No, said I, and I kept at work with my head and my pen, and on the 14th or 15th, said my say for that time, unsatisfactorily enough to myself. A day or two afterward I received the Sermons. Judge of my perfect delight to find here, precisely

tered as he had been, he had the strength to stand alone. I had the misfortune to know one person in the town, who was jealous of his personal advantages. He told me one day, with a good deal of amusement, that he had received a pleasant visit from this person. Surprised, I alluded to his state of feeling. "Ah yes!" replied the invalid with an arch smile, "but that is passing off. He is forgetting the past, and as to the future, he trusts to my having but one leg!" How few gifted as he had been, could have spoken thus without pain! There was a minor trait in his character, to which it gives me great pleasure to allude. It was the healthy interest he always manifested in what the world calls trifles. In the sight of God, we may be sure, there is *no* trifle. Deprived of their mother, his sister went to him with every household difficulty; his friends with their peculiar troubles, the public with whatever it misapprehended or misconstrued — all sorts of persons went to his room to discuss all sorts of subjects. James Kennard listened to all with patience, rebuked with moderation and truth, and, whatever he might *hear, repeated* only what could benefit others. He corrected false impressions, he stood by the absolute truth, and his opinion was respected in proportion. The people of Portsmouth were all unconscious of the deference they paid to him, but his political power was quite as great as that of the local press, and once, when as a stranger I was personally annoyed by a bit of gossip, and spoke of it to a friend, his reply was, "Oh, it is no matter now. *James Kennard* knows the truth; it will soon follow the lie." I never knew a person whose memory of localities was so distinct. When I sought the hidden residence of the forsaken or the sinful, he was always my best guide. Long as he had been confined to his room, he remembered every turn and building, and could generally tell such as had been erected since he was on the spot. The same clearness of mind was perceptible, in reference to written descriptions. No matter how stupid and blundering the author, he could always unravel the details of a campaign. I read to him a great deal of history, and no matter how confused my brain became, he could always carry me to the centre of the field, and point out the mode of action. I always read to him with a French, English and Latin Dictionary at my side, and an Atlas on my knees. I

described to him the position of an obscure place, and afterwards if either of us were at a loss when the name recurred, it was not he. If in the course of our reading an uncommon word occurred, which I was not scholar enough to *unroot*, I made a memorandum of it, and the first question the next day was, "Well? what does it come from?" This thoroughness is only the ordinary duty of the healthy student, but having spent a large portion of my time with the suffering, I can truly say, that he was the only permanent invalid whom I ever saw, that could bear it. His elbows, shoulders, and wrists, and some of the joints of the fingers, were successively ossified, but while his eyesight lasted, by help of a stick he could turn over the leaves of a book or paper, and even write, in a large angular hand in a narrow column. The beautiful simplicity of the anecdotes presented in his memoranda, is a touching tribute to the purity of his character. I never knew a greater love of God, than that which he felt, nor a stronger faith in Christ. Shortly before his death he said to me, "I seldom speak with *** or — upon religious subjects, because I pain them; I thank you, that you are never afraid, that you are willing to listen to all my speculations. Many people think, I cannot die in peace, believing as I do. Do not forget to do me justice when I am gone. Fortunately, I have minuted with my own hand the hour when the cloud passed away from my eyes." It will be seen by the following extract what were the peculiarities to which he alludes.

NOTE BOOK, FEB. 1844.

"*Parker's Discourses*.—A noble work, containing the spoken thought of a million hearts. It will be assailed by Orthodoxy, and rejected by clergymen, but it points out the truth. From the 5th to the 15th of February, I was filled with a great thought, and could not rest till I had uttered it on paper, at least. Several times during this period, I talked with visitors, on the subject with which my mind was occupied, day and night, sleeping or waking. On Feb. 11th my friend True M. Ball said to me, 'Have you ever read Parker's Sermons?' No, said I, and I kept at work with my head and my pen, and on the 14th or 15th, said my say for that time, unsatisfactorily enough to myself. A day or two afterward I received the Sermons. Judge of my perfect delight to find here, precisely

the *same idea* that I had been ineffectually grappling with, made clear as the sun at noonday. With this idea I have struggled ever since I was old enough to think. Here are the truths, which are positively the only things, with regard to the Christian theology and religion, which I have ever believed. A mass of error mingled therewith, has tormented me with doubt through my whole life. I thank God, that I now know the true light from the false, set up by Satan, to lead the soul to shipwreck. I have never sailed by the false, but I also have not always sailed by the true, for I have been tossed on the waves of uncertainty. Now I sail boldly for God's Haven, by the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The Episcopalian friend who copied for me the above extract, had no sympathy with these peculiar views, but she continues ;

"I never saw greater faith in the perfect goodness of God, than his, nor warmer, more universal benevolence. He sought truth, and had no fears but that truth would always sustain itself. Though so great a favorite in society, his earliest writings show him always seriously inclined. He was a pupil in the So. Par. Sunday School from the age of four ; and a teacher until it became impracticable. He was the boldest inquirer after truth that I ever knew."

James Kennard's theological opinions were determined before I went to Portsmouth. His theological reading had been very limited. In one respect we sympathized fully, we both felt a deeper interest in the Bible than in any other book, and it was with deep satisfaction that I introduced him to a wider range of both English and continental theology. Next to the Bible, Nature interested him, and the minute incidents of my long daily walks were never tedious to him. He partly owed the development of this taste to his late gifted uncle, Andrew Haliburton, Esq. At one time, when absent from home, I spent some days in a country neighborhood, where everything was new to me. A part of his reply to my first letter, describing my position, well illustrates his gaiety of heart. "You mention immediately after the cake and pie entertainment that you describe, that there are some cases of great distress in ———. I do not wish to make a joke of suffering, but I could not help thinking that nightmare and dyspepsia might

be of frequent occurrence, if such a supper is a common thing. Mr. Peabody preached a noble sermon on Fast Day, suggested by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon, to celebrate the victory of Vera Cruz. Carrie read it to me, and thereupon, I could not help shaking him heartily by the hand, through the medium of a note. I was myself inspired in a small way, and sent the result thereof to the Journal, but Mr. Brewster had not time to print it last week. Perhaps the minutes flew faster because the lines contained an unmistakeable censure on some intended editorial. Lest you should never see them, here are the last six lines,

'Ho! brothers, rejoice at the glorious news,
Ye are Christians no doubt battering down Vera Cruz.
Rejoice, for in this worthy compeers have ye,
Pandemonium rings with demoniac glee.
The boom of the cannon, the clang of the bell,
Finds a ready response in the echoes of Hell!'

In speaking of a relative about to be married, he goes on to say, "The daughters are arranging household affairs. The day after tomorrow, their father begins to derange them. Don't be alarmed, he is only going to call in the joiners, (not the great joiner, Mr. Peabody,) but the people who tear houses to pieces, in order to make improvements. Tupper's Probabilities is the foolishhest thing I ever read, (ten pages of.) ——— left Boston on Saturday for England, in search of health. Poor fellow! he carries himself with him! With no disease, he is yet very sick, rusted out for want of employment!"

In this happy style are all his letters written. Here however, he did injustice to his editorial friend, who published his lines in his next paper, with a highly complimentary preface, comparing the author to Franklin's angel. "Like the angel," he wrote, "the author looks upon the world, as it is presented, makes up his own opinions, and without fear sends them forth to the world, we say literally to the world, for some of his thoughts have been translated into other languages, and are making the circuit of the globe."

Decided as James Kennard's religious views were, he could not tolerate anything like mysticism, and yet, he patiently waded through a great deal, in order to do justice to a certain

class of minds. He went for the largest liberty of thought and speech, and did not hesitate to remonstrate with those far older than himself when he detected anything like narrowness or bigotry. No higher tribute can be paid to James's character, than the saying that those who sat by his bedside, even in hours of great suffering, on his part, were never led to dwell on his sickness, and seldom if ever talked with him about it. One of his greatest pleasures consisted in rare glimpses of those who had made themselves distinguished in the world of thought. After I became acquainted with him, I exerted myself to a degree which must often have seemed unbecoming to those who were the object of it, to procure him this pleasure. Those who thus visited his room little suspected the jewel it contained. He could not choose his moments of reception, and the convenience of others often compelled him to see them in his most agonized hours. His faculties however were always awake, and having once seen a preacher or man of letters, he never forgot his peculiarities of person or utterance. * That the thought of death was a familiar and pleasant thought to him for a long time, his verses on Dunlap's Picture are the best evidence. I need no apology for quoting the following :

Thus, tenderly, Death watches over
Each struggling spirit shrined in clay,
Till at the mandate of Jehovah,
He bears the ripened soul away.
The bond, the free, the high, the low,
Alike are objects of his love :
And though he severs hearts below,
He joins them evermore above.

His earnest request that no obituary of him should be written was complied with, and in its place were published some lines, written by himself ten years before, entreating strength of God, and concluding thus : —

I thank thee, God ; and should there be in store
Yet further trials, strengthen me, I pray ;
And give me spiritual health, and may
My *riches* be laid up in Heaven above ;
My everlasting friend the God of Love.
In earthly troubles, Lord, I ask thee, still,
But Resignation to thy Holy Will.

Last but not least, James Kennard was the earnest and uncompromising friend of the slave. If I had space the record of the impression left by his character on the minds of his friends might be multiplied from a dozen different sources. The last few weeks before his death I spent in a journey to Niagara. Every fresh and delightful incident was registered for him, but the letter which contained them reached his bedside only on the morning of his death. The friend at his side in acknowledging its receipt says, "I feel grateful to God for having given me his friendship. The perfectly confiding and happy intercourse which had so long subsisted between us was the greatest happiness of my life." His sister writes, "He was to us like a mother. He always enjoyed our most trivial news. I am thankful to have outlived him, to have smoothed his dying pillow, and to have been permitted the privilege of nursing him so long." Another writes, "You say that ever since James died, you have felt his presence consciously. The same consciousness has been vividly with me. A. H. read your letter a few days since, and when he came to that, exclaimed, 'It is precisely what I have felt.' What person knowing only the manner in which our beloved friend passed the last ten years of his life, would have imagined him to exert so extensive and powerful an influence? — an influence that will continue as long as the lives of those that loved him. I cannot tell you how I miss his sympathy, his counsel, his society." "I have frequently been asked why I did not write a memoir of James, and I have had it in my heart to do so, ever since I saw how brief was the tribute in the Knickerbocker; but I never felt that I could represent to others how worthy he was to be honored and loved."

No one who knew him could feel competent to that. The present tribute is one of affection rather than justice, and while it is addressed to a wider circle than the forthcoming volume, it is hoped that the latter, under the charge of his friend and pastor, will better supply the wants of those who inquire further.

In what proceeded from James Kennard's pen, there will not be found one unhealthy or morbid line. Yet it is the journal of thirteen years of bodily suffering! Those who read

it, will regret that hundreds of his verses died before a hand could be found to commit them to paper.

I myself have known him, in spite of troops of ready friends, to carry a political article in his head three or four weeks, before he could get it written out. It was on this account, perhaps, that, whether in prose or verse, his expressions were always terse and healthy.

"FOR TRUTH SHALL STAND."

FEAR not for truth, for truth shall ever stand
 Though all the world around in ruins lie;
 Though earthquakes in their fury shake the land,
 And tempests seem to mingle earth and sky,—
 Yet fear thou not, for truth shall still prevail
 Though all the pillars of creation fail.

True, many a scaffolding, by men raised high,
 From the fair fabric must be torn away,
 And many a veil of fine wrought sophistry
 Must be cast off before the light of day,
 And many dwellings, builded on the sand,
 Shall fall, yet fear thou not, for truth shall stand.

Time-honored fanes must crumble in the dust,
 Yea, temples be in woful ruins laid:
 And shields and weapons, half consumed by rust,
 Be cast aside, yet be thou not dismayed;
 Tumults and storms prevail throughout the land,
 And many things shall fail, yet truth shall stand.

Though the brave arms be now outstretched no more
 Whose might seemed once all powerful to save;
 Though now that stream of eloquence be o'er,
 Because the lips that spoke are in the grave,—
 'Tis God supports by his almighty hand,
 Then be thou not afraid, for truth shall stand,

L. E. G.

WRONG-DOING.

A SERMON, BY REV. JAMES W. THOMPSON.

LUKE xvi. 10. He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much.

ALL wrong-doing, from any motive and for any cause, is prohibited by the Divine Law. The Scriptures are very explicit in teaching this: and yet I fear it is not generally acknowledged and felt. I fear that the facility with which wrong may be done, and the strength and variety of the temptations to do it, and the universal practice of it, have blinded our minds to its real nature, to its direct opposition to the will of God, and to the abhorrence in which a being of perfect righteousness must ever hold it. Surrounded by evil examples, living in a corrupt society, — for the most improved is still corrupt, — educated in maxims that savor more of worldly prudence than of Christian wisdom, breathing an atmosphere more or less tainted by vice, it is hardly to be expected that we should feel all the enormity of wrong-doing as it is felt by sinless beings, — as God feels it. And yet, this is what we ought to do. It is important to our Christian progress that we should see clearly the danger, the folly, the sin of every deviation from its path; that we should look on all wrong-doing with a feeling like that which it produces in those who are incapable of it, or who have never incurred its guilt, that we should regard it as God regards it. Unless we have this view of it, what shall hinder us from pursuing it? What shall induce us to forsake it? Especially if our present interests are not visibly put in jeopardy by it, if by it we can prolong our enjoyment of a worldly life, if we can sustain our credit in society, or postpone the day of overthrow to our fortune, if we can make sure of any immediate advantage whatever by it, what motive is there, independently of that view, sufficiently strong to deter us from it?

My aim in this discourse, my friends, is simply to quicken in you a sense of the evil of all wrong-doing in the sight of God, of the violation of his law in every wrongful act,

and of the unspeakable danger which attends and follows every such violation.

I say *all* wrong-doing is in conflict with eternal and immutable laws. Every wrong act is condemned by all the principles on which the good of the universe depends, by all beings in whom those principles are established, and by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. The least wrong, done deliberately, sets the doer in an attitude of hostility to God as much as the greatest. With Him whose will is Absolute Right, of whom the Scripture says that his "throne is established in righteousness," the least wrong is a great wrong. He views it not only in its first impression and effect, — which is all that we can see of it, — but in its extended, remote and eternal consequences. He sees it as it spreads its poison in the soul and impregnates with disease the powers of our moral life. He sees it as it deranges the general order, opposes new obstacles to man's progress and the world's redemption, grieves the spirits of the just kindred in nature with Him and deforms the face of his beautiful creation. In short, He sees it at once in all its aspects, relations, influences, and effects. And seeing it thus, it has a magnitude which we entirely fail to appreciate with our limited faculties, but which will be perceived by us, with increasing distinctness, as well as increasing astonishment, in proportion as we rise towards a perfect communion with God.

The truth of these remarks will perhaps be admitted, and yet some exceptions be claimed in reference to certain kinds of wrong-doing. A particular act, for example, is generally deemed wrong; it is prohibited by the enlightened conscience of Christians; it is prohibited by the laws of society; it is prohibited by the word of God. "And so it should be," says the man who yet intends to do that very act. "As a general thing, it ought to be forbidden. The mischief would be great should it be freely permitted. But in my case, I cannot see that any great evil would result from doing it; I cannot see that any body would be injured in the slightest degree; I cannot see therefore why I should abstain from it, especially since it promises me much pleasure and a considerable advantage." He cannot *see*, and therefore wrong is for him right! He is blind and can perceive no evil, and therefore no evil

exists! He cannot trace the consequences of his action, and therefore it has no consequences! Mistaken man, what right has he to suppose that the bad effects of any wrong action must necessarily be visible at once? Because he cannot discern them, how shall he venture to the conclusion that God does not? Instead of this, he ought rather to dread them the more on account of their being concealed. If he could see them clearly and measure them accurately, he might, perhaps, nerve his mind to encounter them; but, unseen and undefined, no anticipation renders them familiar, no preparation properly diminishes their terror.

He does not see the bad effects! No; and it was not intended that he should. It is not God's method to show them always. The poor principle of expediency, of self-interest, is not that on which he would have us act. To abstain from wrong-doing merely because we see clearly its pernicious consequences, to do good actions merely because we see clearly that our interest requires it of us, is not an elevated, is not the Christian rule. There is a higher and better. It is to abstain from wrong because all wrong is in opposition to the law of God, at variance with his declared will, at variance with the sentiments and hopes, the peace and welfare, of all good beings, in heaven and earth; and to do good, because that is in harmony with the Divine nature, in obedience to the Divine will, in conformity to the standard of Absolute Right as exhibited in Jesus Christ. This is the rule by which all wrong, however harmless it may seem, is prohibited and condemned. "Thou shalt do *no* wrong to thy neighbor," is a commandment from the same Source and as universally binding as that which says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" and indeed is implied in that.

It is no excuse now, it will be no apology hereafter, for any wrong act, that we saw not the evil consequences. Did we know that it was wrong? *that* is the only question. It does not help our case at all that we even thought we saw good in the result, or that we did the wrong act because of the good which it promised. Short-sighted mortal! Heaven has no need of your wisdom; it does not ask your judgment upon questions of duty; it simply requires you to do as you are bidden; taking care of the consequences by its own power.

What seems a good to you flowing from your wrong action may turn out a terrible curse. Trust not to the guidance of your own sagacity when a Higher Wisdom would direct you. Though tempted by golden prospects, though the interests of friends, neighbors, country, seem to demand of you the evil deed, nay, though the cause of religion itself appear to ask of you the sacrifice, turn your back to the transgression, spurn the temptation, stand resolutely upon the Right, and that will insure you, in the end, unmixed and eternal good; while the wrong, if pursued, though it may yield a temporary gain, will terminate in irreparable loss. For, what can succeed that God opposes? What can stand which contradicts His nature, which interferes with His purposes, which defaces His creation, which mars His image? And who can appear before Him to justify what He condemns, to excuse what He forbids, and to ask that His laws may be violated with impunity?

Again; it does not lessen the guilt of any wrong-doing that it is incurred by several in company, by society at large, or by a nation, instead of a single individual. The evil deed loses nothing of its deformity, its baseness, its opposition to the will of Heaven, its injurious effect on mankind, by being shared. A multitude of offenders may indeed sustain one another in a conflict with the sense of duty, with the pleadings of humanity, with the authority of conscience; and the individuals composing it may experience less pain, — less inward accusation and less outward suffering, — than if they acted separately. Still, that does not alter the character of the action. What is wrong when done by an individual alone is wrong when done by a thousand individuals united. The crime which would bring me to a prison or to death is not changed at all in its nature when it is committed by a band of felons so strongly armed, so violent and desperate, that no civil force is sufficient to arrest them and bring them to punishment. The offence is the same whether committed by a single wicked individual, by a combination of ruffians, by the corporation of a city, or by the government of a state. If it is wrong for an individual, for example, to deceive, betray, rob, murder, it is equally wrong for a community or nation to do the same things. And, although there is no earthly power to punish

these crimes in the latter case, although the hand of human justice cannot apportion and distribute the guilt according to the criminality of each member of the community or state, yet, the wrong being done, God's unalterable law violated, the outrage against his moral creation committed, His eye sees it, His hand punishes it. Sooner or later, He strikes. Sooner or later the community, the nation, reels under the blow. Sooner or later it trembles and groans as the vials of His indignation are poured out upon it. A man may sometimes escape the punishment of his evil doing in this world, and postpone the day of his retribution till his present life is closed. Individuals may; but not communities and nations. Their punishment may indeed be delayed, but it is sure to come at last. The history of the world is, in great part, a record of the judgments of Heaven upon guilty cities, kingdoms and empires. It is a law of God which is never relaxed, that wrong-doing shall be punished; no matter who is guilty, whether one or many; no matter what motive prompted, whether lust of gain, thirst of power, love of glory, or even the desire to extend the blessings of liberty and religion, all wrong-doing, being criminal in the sight of Heaven, is certain to be visited with condign punishment.

"If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble."

I fear that this truth is not so well understood as it ought to be. Indeed, I know that a contrary sentiment is extensively received. I know that sins of individuals which bear an odious name assume one, when committed by large bodies acting together, which the custom of the civilized world has made respectable; and, with strange fatuity, it has been believed by the mass of mankind, that in changing their names they change also their character. It is melancholy to think of the sins which blacken the earth, which blight some of its fairest portions, which fill thousands of hearts with anguish and mourning, but which, nevertheless, disguised by false names, receive the admiration and praise of Christian men and women. It is mortifying to contemplate the ethics of nations, even the most Christian; to see what a low and unworthy standard

of Right they set up as compared with that of Christ, to see by what reasons they endeavor to justify the most iniquitous principles and to defend practices at which humanity revolts ; to witness the appetite and the alacrity with which they rush into crimes which their own laws punish with severity when one member of the nation alone is found guilty of them. Look at Christian England in India, Christian France in Africa, Christian America in Mexico. We may be told that by the atrocities which we condemn in these nations civilization is extending her empire, liberty and religion are diffusing their blessings ! And it may be true — still, no people can do a wrong, the least wrong, with impunity. Though that wrong shall carry with it the elements of prosperity, peace, knowledge and liberty, to those on whom it is inflicted, still, being wrong, it is forbidden by the God of justice, who will surely punish it. The only rule for a people as for an individual is to do right and to avoid wrong, be the immediate consequences what they may.

Our minds are naturally turned into this train of reflection by recent public events. It is not many months since we heard that several thousands of our fellow-men had then just fallen on the field of battle, — some fallen dead, others gashed, mutilated, pierced by bayonets, and crippled for life. Now in this we all see that wrong has been done, — it is not here necessary to discuss the question *by whom*, — but the wrong is seen and acknowledged by every one. Every man among us feels that this was not the purpose for which human beings are so fearfully and wonderfully made ; that the sentiments of humanity and the principles of justice were grossly violated by these atrocities ; that the God of love and mercy could not look upon such scenes of havoc and carnage but with abhorrence ; that He has no attribute that can take part with the authors of them. Suppose each mother here had a son and each daughter a brother among those fallen, and that the tidings of their fate had this moment reached them, what lamentation would to-day fill these courts of the Lord ! — what a deep sense of injury would wring all our hearts ! To say that wrong had been done, cruel wrong, would then seem to you mild language. And the sentiment that nations should do *right* and only *right*, — that Christian nations should act ac-

according to the Christian standard,— would be received and approved without dissent.

I spoke of the ethics of nations as mortifying. Alas ! the ethics of the church, it is to be feared, are not much better. There is indeed no crime to which the church has not, in one period or another, lent its sanction. Often it has led the way in iniquity. It has had innocent victims in prisons, on the rack, on the gibbet. It has moistened many a field with their blood and enriched them by their bones. It has not understood and obeyed the great law of Christ,—the great law of the moral universe,—“Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” It has not felt the awful guilt, nor dreaded the terrible retribution, of wrong-doing. It has been more jealous for the purity of its faith than for the righteousness of its life ; more swift to hunt out heresy than to detect sin ; more ready to excuse crime than to forgive error. Hence the church has as yet accomplished its mission but in small part. It was established to produce peace on earth and good will amongst men ; to diffuse throughout the world the principles of justice and humanity ; to foster virtue and truth ; to abolish all enmities and strifes ; to remove the sources of evil ; to transform mankind into a loving brotherhood ; and to purify the altars of religion for the worship of the God and Father of all. How little of this has it yet done ! How vast its present burden of duty ! What mountains of evil still lift their tops to heaven which it must cast into the sea ! What dark valleys of ignorance and error are still seen which it must fill with light and exalt to the stars !

As members of the Christian Church let us, my brethren, do what we can to quicken its life, to inform its spirit and to guide its course. And, through the church,—that is, through the power of Christian truth and Christian principle imbodyed in the church,—let us strive to purify the morals, to raise the character of the community and nation to which we belong. Especially let us be vigilant to detect and prompt to arrest all wrong-doing. Let our motto ever be, “The Right and only the Right.” Let us be rigid in enforcing upon ourselves the principles of equity and justice, and never presume to forgive our own souls the least wrongful action until it has been sincerely repented and entirely forsaken. So shall we set our

feet in safe places. So shall we lay up for ourselves eternal treasures. So shall we enter into sympathy and communion with the spirits of just men made perfect. And when all things now visible to the eye, — all the goodliness and glory of the earth, with all its deformity and shame, — shall disappear from our sight, and we be called into the presence of more august realities, to give an account of the stewardship of life to the Judge of quick and dead, we may each hope to receive the approval which awaits fidelity to duty and obedience to the laws of God, — the promised commendation of Jesus : — “ Well done ! good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord ” !

MUSINGS IN SPRING.

THE beautiful Spring ! how joyously it leaps from the cold embrace of winter, and with transforming touch, awakens life and beauty in the footsteps of the departing season ! Sweet music is abroad, the liquid melody of birds, — the rippling of silver streams returning from icy bondage, — the dash of mimic torrents, — the humming of countless insect tribes, and the whispering breeze, waving the timid flowers to unfold their petals, and the budding trees to put forth their tender leaves and open their fair blossoms to the rejoicing sunlight ! This bright renewal of earth, — this new-born season of hope and enjoyment, how it warms the heart to fresher life ; and this bland air, redolent with sweets stolen from spicy buds and springing herbs, seems wafted from the paradise of youth !

While my senses revel in the delight, the chords of memory are touched, time seems to reverse his wings, and bear me backward to the morning of my life, when the world was bright before me, as the sunny landscape, now spread out in beauty beneath my eye. Again I look upon the face of nature, in the dear land of my pilgrim fathers ; I gather clustering roses and sweet-scented honeysuckles, from the vines which my mother's hand trained tastefully around our simple dwelling ; and I breathe once more the fragrance of the flow-

ering locusts, which wave their golden tresses amid the fantastic rocks that seemed to shut out the world from the peaceful valley of my childhood. Again the shadows of the lofty elms,—the pride of our little domain,—lay on the verdant turf, unbroken as I last beheld them ; and still the goldfinch hangs her curious nest, suspended from the slender branches, and the squirrel leaps from bough to bough, chirping merrily in the leafy covert. Friends beloved, and long since separated by death, or lost in the world's crowd, return to animate the scene, and hopes, and pleasures, which youth only knows, are pictured on the glass of memory, with all the vividness of present reality.

But the dream soon passes away, and as I gaze, a few flitting clouds, soft and fleecy, shadow the lovely scene ; one by one, like silver mist, they rise up and pass away, and the earth seems greener, and the sun shines with more resplendence, from the shade, which for a moment veiled their glory. Beautiful types are they, of youth's early disappointments, and bitter, but transient trials ! They pass away, and the heart remains unseared, and the eye of hope undimmed ; but they leave engraved the startling truth, so early woven in life's experience, of mutability, and evanescence.

But as the sun climbs on to his meridian altitude, darker clouds gather in his course, obscuring the fairest scenes of earth ; and the eye dimmed with sadness, vainly seeks to penetrate the gloom which overcasts the brightness of the heavens, and veils the beauty of creation.

How significant these shifting scenes ! how emblematic of life's vicissitudes, its transient pleasures, and oft returning sorrows ! But behind those clouds the eye of reason beholds the sun, still travelling in undiminished splendor, and the earth beneath the gathering gloom, wearing the robe of freshness, and the flowers drinking the welcome dews, which replenish their exhausted cups, and enrich their drooping leaves with sweeter fragrance.

The spirit of nature, so eloquent in all its teachings, whispers a lesson to the heart, and bids us, when the clouds of adversity, and the deep gloom of trial and bereavement darken our earthly course, to look upward to the celestial Sun, which is never dimmed, but shines on, through all the mutations of life,

pouring light into the eye, which is lifted to discern its brightness, and shedding the dews of consolation and of truth, upon the heart which is opened to receive them.

In each event of life, in blessings and sorrows, may be recognized a messenger of love, sent to purify and exalt our souls, and to bring us to the path which leads to eternal life. The sun of our brief earthly existence may rise with dazzling splendor, cheating our vain hopes with the anticipation of uninterrupted enjoyment. But clouds will surely intervene, and its noontide radiance may be shrouded in gloom, and its setting glory, hidden by impenetrable darkness.

Yet those who have gathered wisdom from life's experience, and from the teachings of God's providence; who have learned to "walk by faith and not by sight," may tread cheerfully and securely through every scene of life, for they are persuaded that the Eye that never slumbers, and the Arm which cannot weary, watches over and sustains them. Heavily the shades may gather, even around the portals of the tomb, but beyond, the light of immortality already shines, and ministering angels wait and welcome the freed spirit, and bear it to the mansions of unclouded day.

H. V. C.

HOW TO BE USEFUL.

I DOUBT not, my dear friend, that you recollect a conversation which took place in your quiet chamber, the night before I left you, — when you spoke of your earnest desire of doing something more to promote the good of others, yet felt that you knew not what course of action to pursue. How truly I sympathise in your feelings I need hardly say; for the thought that I was doing little or nothing that conduced to the improvement or happiness of others, has been truly painful to me — that were my earthly life soon to close, I should leave so few influences to make my memory dear to others. You will therefore be surprised to have me add, that I *now* do realize how much may be accomplished by those situated like ourselves, who, having passed through the usual term of school life, have leisure to devote to others, even though certain hours

of each day be consecrated to self-culture and improvement. I now begin to see something of the work before me ; to realize that for every human being there is an appointed station, which he alone can fill, and which if he fail to fill truly and faithfully, must forever remain vacant. The words of our Saviour, "For I have left you an example that ye should do as I have done to you," were not only addressed to his immediate followers, but to all of every age and nation, who should believe on Him, as the Guide and Redeemer of man ; and when we once feel the sacred obligation resting on us, shall we not deem it our highest privilege, our noblest duty, to strive to *represent our Saviour*, wherever we may be ?

But to explain to you the cause which has led me to these views. After leaving your pleasant home, and the many friends whose kindness will long be treasured in my memory, I received an earnest invitation to pass a month with our friend Mary ; and well knowing her beautiful and christian character, her pure and warm affection for her friends, you may easily imagine that I was not backward in accepting the invitation. I shall ever be grateful to a kind Providence for having brought me here, for it has been through her influence that I have been led to higher and happier views, and thus has she added one new link to the golden chain of love, that unites her to her fellow beings. Although not many years older than myself, and though devoting much time to the duties that devolve upon her as the elder daughter of a large family, and finding time, one hardly knows how, for passing several hours each day in intellectual pursuits, yet her great industry, her gentle devotion to others, her warm sympathy in their joys and trials, her calm and hopeful spirit of forbearance and love, make me regard her as *many* years my superior, and when I heard accidentally through others, of the influences for good she was diffusing around her,—for she would be the last to speak of her own kind deeds—I felt utterly humbled, and I might add discouraged.

A few evenings since, as we were seated around the bright fire, enjoying the genial warmth and comfort of our pleasant parlor, made doubly so in contrast with the storm and wind that raged fiercely without, our conversation naturally turned upon the sufferings of the poor and destitute at this inclement season.

Mr. W——, the faithful minister at large in this place, had joined us early in the evening, and when we spoke of the poor, and some little anecdotes were selected illustrative of the kind feelings which exist even among the most degraded, — the warmest sympathies of his heart seemed touched, and he poured forth his feelings in a strain of mingled pathos and elegance, that thrilled my inmost soul, and when I looked into Mary's truth-telling countenance, it was not difficult to read the deep interest she felt in the subject. When our friends left us, I freely expressed the feelings, with which you are already acquainted, and which I should hardly have had the courage to reveal, had not circumstances thus brought them forth.

Mary made but few remarks, but as I bade her 'good night,' she warmly pressed my hand, and in manner rather than in words expressed her sympathy, and then cheerfully added, "I engage you for a walk tomorrow afternoon; will you promise to accompany me?" To this invitation you may readily suppose I had but one answer, and the next day being bright and clear, we left our home early after dinner, warmly muffled in cloaks and furs, upon an expedition to a distant part of the town; for, as Mary had informed me in the morning, she wished me to visit some of the poor families, in whom she was much interested, adding, that perhaps personal observation would obviate my difficulties, better than the most eloquent discussion. Let me then describe to you some of the scenes which I witnessed that afternoon.

After walking some distance, we entered a narrow lane, and passing several houses, indicating in their exterior the poverty that dwelt within, we entered the last and meanest of the number. A bright little boy of three years met us on the stairs, as we were about ascending to the room above, and looking into Mary's face, exclaimed, "Mother's up stairs sick; they won't let me play there," but when she put an apple into his hand, with the unconsciousness of childhood, he ran down to show it to "Georgy," and his merry laugh rang through the house, in spite of ragged clothes and scanty fare. O how many might learn a lesson from the happy trust and cheerfulness of childhood! Too soon, "shades of the prison house" close around us, but is it not our own fault that the shades and mists of life gather so soon over the spirit, or rather that we

permit them to seem so dense, and do not let the bright sunlight of christian faith and hope pierce the clouds? But to return. We softly went up stairs, and entered the sick chamber. The room was neatly but poorly furnished, some of the articles evidently bearing the marks of having belonged to a more prosperous period. The mother yet in the prime of life, and retaining traces of delicacy and beauty, lay on the bed, apparently in the last stages of a decline. A woman of about sixty, who lived in another room of the house, was sitting beside the bed mending the clothes of the almost motherless children, and when I learned the kindness of this lone woman to her sick neighbor, watching with her night after night, patiently bearing with the irritability so often attendant upon disease, I felt, that though in an humble sphere, she was more truly accomplishing the great ends of life, than many an one of lofty rank and consequence in the world's eye. When we entered Mrs. H—— looked up, and in a feeble voice expressed her pleasure in seeing Mary again. "I feared I might not again see you," she said, "for last night my cough was so bad, and it distresses me so to breathe, that I felt that I could not live long, but I am better now, will you read to me from the book you did yesterday?" After saying a few kind words, Mary opened the New Testament, and read from the 14th and 15th chapters of John, and passages from Revelations, and then repeated these beautiful lines, "O when the hours of life are passed," &c. Never shall I forget the impression of the scene. Mrs. H—— looked as if her whole soul were fixed upon the subject, and as Mary paused, fearing to read too long, she exclaimed, "Would that I had been taught these things when I was young, and knew how to read for myself; but I am ignorant, and none but you comes to teach me. Do you really believe we shall live again?" "As truly as that I am now talking with you," she replied, and in glowing words she expressed her firm faith and hope, of being re-united to the friends from whom she had been called to part. "But I will not fatigue you," she added, as if fearing she had said too much, and approaching the bed, she pressed the hand of the dying woman, and gently said, "We shall meet again, — if not here, in another world, and then perhaps we shall both remember this hour. Do you not feel so?" "I hope so," she answered, but being

seized with a severe fit of coughing, we deemed it best to leave the room. But a few days after, we were informed of the death of the sufferer, and one who was with her at the closing hour, said that Mary's name was the last word she uttered.

Passing through another street, we came to a house far more attractive in its exterior, and by the verbinas, roses and geraniums, in full bloom in the window, I judged, and rightly, that the occupants were those of more refined and delicate tastes. How true it is, that whatever degree of poverty there may be, true delicacy of mind finds some way in which to express itself. A simple flower, a common painting, leaving far more to the imagination than is expressed in the flower itself, are but outward expressions of the conscious idea of beauty and purity that is never wholly wanting even in the most degraded. Could we but appreciate this, could we but have true faith in the capacity of every soul for good, how much more earnest and efficacious would be our endeavors.

Passing through a small entry, we entered a back room, where the most perfect neatness and order reigned. A female in advanced life, who for several years had been confined by chronic rheumatism, was seated in a chair, which served also for a couch, as for many months she had been unable to lie down. A widow woman who lived in another part of the house, took the whole care of her, and faithfully did she execute her charge. Mary, knowing the fondness of the sick woman for flowers, had gathered before leaving home, a little bunch from her own choice plants, and when she presented them to her, I wish you could have seen the bright expression that passed over her face, as she exclaimed, "O, you are too kind, this is just what I have been wishing for all day, for when I feel restless and weary, the sight of such sweet flowers makes me forget my sufferings, and when I am alone hour after hour, they are like pleasant friends to me, and I think that if the things of earth are so fair and bright, 'How beautiful beyond compare will Paradise be found.'" "But," said I, "do you never feel weary or discontented in being so helpless?" "He who has made me helpless, will give me strength to bear the trial," she answered, and as I looked into the calm and happy countenance, I felt that the Peace of God had indeed en-

circled her brow. Wholly dependent upon friends for her support, entirely helpless, her cheerful faith, her words of calm and hopeful trust, were a striking rebuke to all discontent and anxious foreboding. As we left the room, she urged us soon to repeat our visit, "for," said she, "I love to see young and happy faces, and God will reward you for all your kindness to a lone, sick woman. May his blessing go with you, in this life and through Eternity." I received her words as from one, far, very far, superior to myself, and felt that I might well learn lessons of religious wisdom and trust from her life.

Let me describe one other family, and I will bring my long letter to a close. The house we next visited was most unsightly in its exterior; broken windows, filled with rags, old hats, &c., doors half off their hinges, and utter want of neatness around the premises, plainly evinced the character of the inhabitants. The interior was such as might have been expected. An entire destitution of all the comforts of life, rags and squalid poverty were the pre-eminent features of the scene. The husband and father had long since been intemperate, and by idleness and dissipation had reduced his family to the state in which we found them. The mother, patient and gentle, yet somewhat deficient in mental capacity, strove to do the best in her power for her little children, yet wanting energy and judgment, what could be expected from her? A sweet little girl of a year old was nestling in her mother's arms, who seemed by her strong and devoted affection for her little ones, to compensate for other deficiencies. When I heard the poor woman's history, and entered the miserable dwelling, I mentally exclaimed, "Here, indeed, is a hopeless case; what good can be done?" But when I saw the eagerness with which the children gathered around Mary, as a known and tried friend, when I saw the patience with which she endeavored to teach the mother how her room might be rendered warmer and more comfortable with but a trifling expense, when I found that ignorance and want were no bar to her efforts, but that with true kindness, she endeavored personally to render the room more comfortable for the night approaching, I felt that she had that true faith of the heart, that warm love for others, which *should always* characterize the Christian; for was it not one of the great features in the character of Christ, that he always recog-

nized the divine spirit in man, and conversed not as man with frail man, but as an Immortal with Immortals!

As we were about to return, the Father entered, his countenance too plainly showing the excess in which he had indulged. I shrank back with some degree of timidity, but Mary advancing to the door, conversed with him in a low voice for a few minutes, while I was occupied in inquiring the names and ages of the children. When she called me, saying it was time to return, I again looked at him, and with surprise observed the traces of tears on his countenance. She motioned to me to say nothing, but cheerfully bidding them "good night," we again pursued our walk. "I have great hopes of the reformation of that man," she said, as we turned our steps homeward, "he has good feelings, and is willing to work, and might support his family comfortably, were it not for this one evil habit of Intemperance. I think that I have gained some influence over him, by some little acts of kindness I was able to render to one of his children when sick, and having gained some hold upon his better feelings, he is now willing that I should speak even of his failings, and to-night having accidentally touched some hidden chord of feeling, his heart melted, and his tears flowed like those of a child. Heaven grant that none may lead him farther into guilt, but that he may soon be a reformed and regenerate spirit."

We made two or three other visits that afternoon, but my limits will not allow me room to describe them. I returned home that night, feeling how little I had accomplished, how little effort I had ever made to gain the affection and love of others, and at the same time, how wide was the field of usefulness opened on every side. Let us only cherish the desire to do good, and faithfully embrace every opportunity that offers itself, to promote the happiness of others, let us watch those daily occurrences, which are too apt to be passed by unheeded, and if our sphere of duty seem to the worldly eye small or confined it will not be so in the eye of Heaven.

Only let us be conscious of filling *as large a sphere* of duty as we are capable of,—let us be *sure* that we are making the full use of our time and opportunities, and we need not be discouraged, for is it not the motive *only* that makes an act acceptable, and was not the cup of water, and the widow's mite, ap-

proved and blessed by Him, whose whole life was a living sacrifice to Truth and Goodness, and Benevolence?

Affectionately, your friend,

H. M.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR. NO. V.

WASHINGTON, MAY, 1848.

HARDLY had my last letter been despatched, when there came our "three days;" the American capital with its scanty materials for a mob, being emulous it would seem of the *emeutes* in Europe. A history of some portions of the transactions I allude to, would form a melancholy appendix to that somewhat complacent description of the city; but there are a few other points less generally thought of, very much qualifying the first impressions of those days, as affecting the character of the place and its inhabitants, which I feel bound in honor to say a word about,—first briefly stating the facts of the case.

On Saturday night, April 15, the schooner Pearl sailed down the river, having on board near eighty slaves, who with wonderful secrecy and adroitness had assembled at the given signal, (some coming we were told from sixty miles distance,) and with a fair wind had got nearly out into the bay by Sunday afternoon. Information was obtained from the confusion, terror or treachery, of one who failed to be on board in time, and had been taken by the watch. A small steamer was made ready and sent down the river to Georgetown, (not by any help from the Telegraph,) which passed them, and returning found them becalmed in a little cove. All were below, and most asleep; and nailing down the hatches, their pursuers made them prisoners, without any resistance.

Tuesday morning they were landed at the wharf, and escorted to the jail; the Captain and two other white men being driven at full speed in hacks, from fear of mischief from the crowd. A good deal of excitement, as we heard, prevailed through the day; and for want of a tangible object was directed against the office of the National Era. A crowd was gathered there at evening, threatening and ominous, which did not

disperse till late at night. Some noise was made, and a few stones were thrown, but meantime the compositors were quietly at work within, smart showers of rain damped the ardor of the crowd without, and the steadiness of the Police prevented any real mischief. One man, rashly forward, was arrested, and that was all.

Wednesday evening a much greater crowd assembled; and instead of engaging in an assault, were persuaded to go round in front of the Patent Office and hear speeches. A deputation of near forty waited on Dr. Bailey, Editor of the Era, and brought back his courteous but decided refusal to remove the press. It seemed then to us who saw it, that violence was imminent, but after an hour's shouting and pelting, the crowd was again induced to adjourn over till broad daylight. A young man, a clerk in the Treasury, harangued them to such good purpose, that they dispersed in quiet. He said it was a bad business they were about, (taking occasion by the way to rail at the Abolitionists in good set terms,) dared any one to show himself as their leader, told them they would go off without doing anything, and finally said he would be their leader and meet them there at five o'clock, and so he led them off. At 5 P. M., next day, they began to gather, when he appeared bantering them a little for their tardiness. He had been up bright and early, he said, and had paced the street alone, from four to six, before breakfast, and not a face was to be seen. The affair by this time, had mostly evaporated of itself, and what was wanting to subdue the threats of violence, was supplied by the excellent management of the Mayor *pro tem.*, (appointed on account of the severe illness of the Mayor of the city,) and the judicious action of the government. The only sign of excitement since, has been in Congress.

The points I was led to notice were these. First, the sympathy which every body felt, and nobody cared to conceal, for the poor creatures who tried to effect their escape. We were told that scarcely any other feeling was expressed, than regret that they had failed,—much more openly and generally, it was said, than would have been possible a few years ago. Even among the men who gathered about the jail-door, (owners and dealers, some of them, from whom the least sympathy was to be expected,) I heard merely a modified version of the

same. They said they did not blame *them* for trying to get away, and seemed to show some little compassion for them — of course mingled with hearty execration of the captain and agent of the vessel. Even the selling and transporting them, was (we were told) "more in sorrow than in anger," — not an act of vengeance, however cruel, by most of the owners, but a disagreeable necessity, to deter others from the like attempt.

Next, the good conduct of the citizens in general. A large part of the crowd on each evening was made up of men of character and respectability, who used their efforts, with readiness and determination but quietly, to prevent any disturbance. The character of the city was felt to be in some measure at stake. A very strong municipal guard could have been formed, at any moment, if the occasion had called for it. What was most turbulent and destructive in the crowd, was made up partly of boys, partly of irresponsible and unknown persons from various quarters, and partly of men (most of them no way belonging to the city) who were glad to take advantage of a moment of excitement to get rid of an obnoxious press. The only proposition made was to purchase it at a fair price and carry it out of town — or, that failing, to take it, quietly as they might, forcibly if they must. And it certainly tells well for the general character of the assemblage, that in the very torrent, tempest and (as I may say) whirlwind of their passion, a few words adroitly spoken could "acquire and beget a temperance that should give it smoothness," and make it end in an idle menace or a joke.

And besides the whole affair showed the *morale* of the government in a very favorable light — I mean of course in its actual dealing with the threatened violence. While a great many were disposed to blame the proprietors of the Era for establishing themselves here, while some speakers were encouraging the multitude to set light by Constitution and Law in comparison with the "people's will," the "majesty of their strength," and all that, and while some of those in the employment of government were among the busiest, we were told, in encouraging a mob-spirit, finding an echo even in Congress, — the President, as in duty bound, put himself at the service of the city authorities, to do whatever might be advisable, in defence of law and order, and at his suggestion;

the whole body of clerks (amounting to seven or eight hundred,) were significantly informed that it would be considered a high offence in them to mingle in the crowd, unless to aid in preventing any violence. The whole physical force of the government was ready, to effect what its moral power might fail of doing. And after all, it is no disreputable comment on our institutions, that while other governments have so jealously watched and hampered liberty of speech, which has at length been vindicated by the people with fighting and blood, the government here, which is only the more deliberate and permanent expression of the popular will, holds out its strong arm to maintain that liberty, though in a case where it is exercised in direct hostility to the political action, the interests (real or supposed,) and the stronger prejudices of the individuals who administer the law.

The peculiar circumstances of the case seem to justify me in speaking for this once as an advocate, in defence of the character of my adopted residence. A fair mutual understanding, and an abatement of sectional jealousy and mistrust, are among the main moral wants of an American Republic just now. Anything that shows government or people in a more favorable light than we should be apt to get at a hasty view, is worth mentioning, by way of aiding, more or less, to meet that want; and is so far the best defence of those popular institutions, which the nations of Europe have been clamoring for so loudly. And considering the slow and sometimes violent process by which freedom of discussion has been established in the northern cities, one by one, it is certainly very hopeful, and very much a matter of congratulation, that its victory in this case has been secured here so easily. In comparison with any other capital in the country, this is very far from deserving the opprobrium with which it has been visited since these occurrences.

J. H. A.

P. S. I find I was mistaken in supposing that there was so little danger or apprehension on Thursday. It seems there was a strong undercurrent of resentment, at being baffled on Wednesday night, and that those most forward had determined to reinforce themselves, and accomplish their work at last. Nothing but the firm attitudes of the authorities, the

prompt action of the President and Cabinet, and the admirable conduct of the police, as well as of both the Mayors, prevented a serious disturbance. This, however, was prevented so effectually, that deceived by the quiet and confident tone that was returning, few persons were aware of any serious ground of apprehension, for, while the crisis was passing, almost every one supposed it past. A body of some two hundred, which visited Dr. Bailey's house when the scene at the office was over, threatened to treat him "in their own style," announcing themselves as a band of Virginians and Marylanders. He, however, obtained a hearing, and recounted the history of his experience in Cincinnati, (where he has three presses I believe in the Ohio river,) which resulted in the establishment of a *daily* paper, that is flourishing to this day. The men grew good-natured, assented to one proposition after another, and finally dispersed after a short appeal from one of the speakers of the night preceding, leaving their leader in the minority of one, — saying as he left, that he had had several similar expeditions, and had never been baulked before.

It is worth while to mention, for the refreshment of some lagging memories, that the crowd was at one time larger and the symptoms more threatening, than on occasions where the object has been effected; and that (as I am told) *this was the first instance in which a popular movement, directed against an anti-slavery press, has been successfully resisted by the laws.*

J. H. A.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"I WAS particularly touched by your expressions of unhappiness at that which is so common yet which occasions distress to so few. You say that self-examination is most painful to you, because you find by it that you do not love God. You have become roused to a desire of ascertaining what is your real religious condition; you have been reading the Gospels alone and carefully, for the purpose of finding out exactly what Jesus requires of human beings. You are delighted at the clearness and simplicity of the truths he declares, and the requirements he makes, taking them as you do from his own

words. But you tell me that the positiveness and solemnity with which he announces that we must love God confound and alarm you; for you believe there is no feeling in your heart which you can truly call the love of God; and you know not how to set about obtaining it.

Your case is a very common one. Many find it easier to obey the second commandment than the first, as you say you do. It is difficult to bring that abstract, invisible, mysterious Being, who rules the universe, within the sphere of the heart's affections. The difficulty is an intellectual one, and yet it perplexes and baffles the capacity of loving; and those most earnestly desiring to be true Christians frequently suffer most from it. Thousands think and care nothing about the matter, and live on in dreadful unconsciousness of the unnatural void within. I say unnatural void, because there is a place in every soul for God, and when it remains empty, that soul is in an unnatural condition. Thousands more, who have formed the fatal habit of using religious language glibly and unmeaningly, fancy they have the feeling because they seldom go deep into the inner world of their souls, and are satisfied with a ready power of pious expressions.

But you, I believe, belong to the class of earnest and sincere seekers. And, as I hope for your eternal happiness, I rejoice that you are now troubled in your mind upon this point. But out of your present pain will spring joy. For that there is such a thing as genuine, fervent love of God, I am sure; that it is an unfailing source of peace, I am sure; that it is within your reach, I am sure.

Do not spend too much time in studying God metaphysically. Avoid all speculative questions; answered or unanswered, they do not form the Christian in the heart. Do not sit brooding over your deficiency, striving to analyze it. It is as possible to think too much about it as too little. If you really have the love of your neighbors as a pervading principle of life and action, hope much from its softening and elevating influence upon you. The lower love is a stepping stone to the higher. If you have in a great measure freed yourself from selfishness, and are daily striving to make others happy, even at the expense of many little secret sacrifices, you will find yourself involuntarily turning to God each night for a secret reward. The thought of Him in

connexion with all you do that is good, with all the pleasant recollections of a well spent day, will bring you nearer to him, that is, you will have a more distinct conception of his character, a more realizing sense of his actual existence, his presence at your very side, his help, his kind approbation. Those who are brought up with such convictions from their very childhood, impressed with them while the imagination is lively and the heart tender, have a great advantage. But the more innocent and sincere your life is, the more chance you have of obtaining a childlike piety. This beautiful truth is distinctly set forth in the words of our Saviour. Indeed, I never yet desired to place any simple, important truth before the mind of an inquiring friend, without suddenly remembering something uttered by Jesus Christ, which seemed to render all other words superfluous and foolish.

Unless the heart is imbued with an affectionate consciousness of God's presence, help, and love, in early childhood, its want must be keenly felt before it can be supplied. You cannot love Him as soon as you are conscious of not loving Him. The habit of observing how wisely and mercifully He regulates all the events passing around you, especially those of your own life, the habit of noting with gratitude those thousand minor blessings in your lot which you have been accustomed to enjoy carelessly, the habit of praying to Him frequently, especially when you are perplexed and troubled, will all help you. Gradually, perhaps slowly He will become to you a most tender friend and father; the only one from whom you have no secrets, and desire to have none, the only one who knows and rejoices in every good deed you do; the only one who can understand all your trials and sorrows, looking upon you with a compassion from which no human pride can shrink, and above all he will present himself to your heart as the only one who never judges you harshly, never blames you unjustly, is always ready to consider each palliation of your errors with a perfect charity. He will be to you as much a loving, beautiful reality, as the earthly friend whom your eyes have seen, whom your heart has cherished with its strongest love. But oh! how much more pure, comforting, sustaining, ennobling, will be this love! Trust me, my friend, if you desire it, it will be yours. Do not despair too soon, and thus throw it from you. I believe

that those brief moments in which we have the most distinct consciousness of it, do afford us the best possible conception of the happiness of beatified spirits, and you, who have lately parted with one of the best of earthly fathers, loving him so tenderly as you did, yearning after him as you do, now that he is gone to the same invisible, spiritual world, where your God is hidden,—can you find it hard to love an unseen parent?

A holy old English poet whispers the comforting thought, that in such a case as yours, our Heavenly Father does in good truth take the will for all in all,

“And when the heart says (sighing to be approved,)
‘Oh could I love!’ and stops,—God writeth, ‘Loved!’”

L. J. H.

REDEMPTION.

WHEN the first morning woke
On Eden's rosy bowers,
And hymns of praise in transport broke
From nature's youthful powers,—
The earth, the flood, the sky,
Bore in the song their part,
Nor least in that rich harmony,
Man's pure and grateful heart.

But passion entered in,
With unsuspected tread,
Indulgence ripened into sin,
And Eden's beauty fled,
Oh love, and joy, and truth!
With altered beams ye burn,
The freshness of creation's youth
Gone, never to return.

Yet, Lord, if any thirst,
Pure, living streams are thine;
The founts, in Eden's groves that burst,
Were never more divine;
If innocence no more
Her stainless lustre shed,
As lovely rays will mercy pour
On the repentant head.

Still may thy children bless,
 Oh God, their Father's love,
 The chorus of their thankfulness,
 Once more be heard above.
 Again let praises rise,
 Again let rapture sound;
 For man, the favorite of the skies,
 Safety and peace hath found.

Jesus! Thy word hath power
 To break the sinner's chain,
 Firmness it gives in pleasure's hour,
 And conquest over pain.
 Vain is temptation's might,
 Our hearts, our hopes are thine;
 The rays that gild thy path of light
 Around thy servants shine!

L. G. B.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. NO. X.

THE publication, by Crosby & Nichols, of the Memoirs of Dr. Channing will prove an important event to our whole religious community. No book of an equally elevating influence, so far as we know, has appeared from the American press for a long time. Accompanying the recent large edition of Channing's works—a book furnished at an unexampled cheapness,—a price so small that it seems only nominal instead of being an equivalent for the value received,—it will go abroad to enlighten, to inspire, to strengthen and liberalize thousands of young men throughout the country. This Biography effectually sweeps away all those impressions of feebleness, self protection and shrinking from exertion, which had unavoidably associated themselves with Dr. Channing's person in the minds of those who knew him only after confirmed physical disorder had seated itself upon his constitution, and sets him before us, in the noble and symmetrical proportions of a resolute, muscular, self-sacrificing, gentle manhood,—the thoughtful, conscientious boy,—the aspiring, energetic youth,—the enthusiastic student,—the devoted minister, the genuine philanthropist, the wise and bold reformer, the meek and reverent believer, the indefatigable Christian disciple. Whoever can trace the history and development of such an intellectual and spiritual nature, set forth with clearness, simplicity and power as it is in these volumes, without being lifted up to new resolutions, feeling a firmer conviction of the dignity of his being and the grandeur of the true aims of life, must be made of sordid and earthly materials.

Mr. Channing, the biographer, is entitled to the earnest gratitude of every scholar and every good man, for the faithfulness and skill with which he has preserved this complete and striking portrait of his uncle's character. With a self-command worthy the spirit of the name he

bears, he has laid aside entirely from this labor—after a frank and manly avowal to that effect,—the views of society to which he is so honestly and warmly attached, to which most of his time is zealously devoted, and which were so liable to affect in many ways an undertaking of this kind, lying adjacent, in many of the subjects involved in it, to his favorite themes and theories,—and has adhered diligently, impartially to the scrupulous use of his legitimate data, and thus achieved an unblemished success.

It has occurred to us while reading the Memoirs that had the strictly biographical portions been included in two volumes, and the third volume—with perhaps a fourth,—been made to consist of *entire discourses* on important topics, on the plan of the volume partly promised in the preface,—instead of inserting in the body of the Memoirs the very extensive extracts from sermons which, notwithstanding the judgment employed in the arrangement, are of a somewhat miscellaneous and fragmentary character,—the whole would have possessed a still higher degree of perfection. But we are almost ashamed to suggest even this emendation, where there is such prevailing and surpassing excellence, in style, matter and method. The defect, if it be one, is more than outweighed by merits. We have only satisfaction to express, and only thanks to offer, for this worthy fulfilment of a long and highly raised expectation.

From the same publishers we have received "Gospel Narratives," by Rev. H. A. Miles,—a full, succinct and intelligible account of the four Evangelists and their books, containing information needing to be made thus popular, and deserving of a high rank among Sunday School books and in family libraries; also, Rev. A. A. Livermore's "Marriage Offering," a graceful collection of prose and verse, from distinguished and numerous writers, appropriate to new or long established wedlock.

Of the same class of literature with this latter work is Rev. E. H. Chapin's "Duties of Young Women," corresponding to a similar volume previously issued on the Duties of Young Men by the same author, from G. W. Briggs, publisher. Mr. Chapin has a decided faculty for addressing special states of feeling, and special conditions of life. The fervid glow that characterizes his elocution, communicates itself to his composition. Possessed of a quick sympathy and a sincere devotion to the good of humanity in all its forms, he is capable of constant usefulness, and is willing to expend his energies in any promising direction.

Our acknowledgments are due to the "Council of the Massachusetts Temperance Society," and especially to its President, Dr. John C. Warren, for a useful little book of statistics and persuasions in behalf of a good cause, sufficiently described by its title,—*"The Physiological Effects of Alcoholic Drinks, from the British and Foreign Medical Review of Dr. Forbes, with Documents and Records of the Massachusetts Temperance Society, illustrating the Origin of the Temperance Reformation, and its progress in the State of Massachusetts."*—The "Report of the Needle Woman's Friend Society," is a full and touching account of one of the most admirably conducted and benevolently assisted charities of Boston.

The several authors will please to accept our thanks for discourses entitled as follows: "Conscience the Best Policy;" a Fast Day Sermon preached by Rev. John Weiss at New Bedford: "The Power of Christianity," preached at the Dedication of the House of the Thirteenth

Congregational Church, in Harrison Avenue, Boston, by the Minister, Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge; and "A Discourse on the Life and Character of Rev. Jason Whitman," by Rev. Theodore H. Dorr. Each of these performances is fitted to its work, at the time and the place that produced it; each contains exalted views of social life, or of the practical offices of religion, or of the individual and professional character, deserving universal acceptance; each bears evident marks of having proceeded from a living mind and an engaged heart.

INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION AT WESTFORD, MASS.—On Wednesday, May 24, 1848, Mr. John B. Willard was ordained as Pastor over the First Congregational Church and Society in Westford. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Gilbert of Harvard, from John, xviii. 37. The Introductory Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Chandler of Shirley; Selections from the Scriptures were read by Rev. Mr. Babbidge of Pepperell; the Prayer of Ordination was made by Rev. Mr. Abbott of Westford; the Charge was delivered by Rev. Mr. Bulfinch of Nashville, N. H.; the Right Hand of Fellowship was given by Rev. Mr. Barber of Lancaster; the Address to the People was made by Rev. Mr. Smith of Groton; the closing Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton, and the Benediction was pronounced by the Pastor.

DEDICATION IN HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.—The House recently erected by the Thirteenth Congregational Society, formerly worshipping in the Purchase Street Church, was dedicated May 3, 1848. The Sermon was by the Pastor, Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge. The other exercises, by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston, Rev. Mr. Bartol of Boston, Rev. Mr. Reynolds of Jamaica Plain, and Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston. This completed enterprise indicates the spirit and efficiency that have uniformly characterized the Purchase Street Society under their present ministry. The change of location was greatly needed, and we congratulate that people on the gratifying consummation of their efforts, as it stands embodied in solid and tasteful proportions, in their new edifice.

ANNIVERSARIES.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.—The annual meeting was held April 29, and the following officers were elected:—Francis Brown, Esq., President;

Francis Alger, Esq., Vice President; A. H. Sumner, Esq., Treasurer; S. G. Simpkins, Secretary. The Executive Committee consists of the above named gentlemen, with Charles Faulkner, Esq., James Tolman, Esq., and D. R. Chapman, Esq. The Society distributed, last year, 11,326 pamphlets and 1235 bound volumes. The annual Sermon was preached in Federal Street Church, May 28, by Rev. George W. Briggs, and was a fervent and most satisfactory discourse.

MASSACHUSETTS BIBLE SOCIETY.—In the business meeting, held in the Vestry of the Central Church, Monday afternoon, May 29, Rev. Dr. Pierce was re-elected President, and Hon. Simon Greenleaf was chosen Vice President, in place of Rev. Dr. Codman, deceased; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D.; Recording Secretary, Rev. George W. Blagden; Treasurer, Henry Edwards, Esq.; Auditor, Samuel May, Esq.; Trustees, Rev. William Jenks, D. D., Rev. Charles Lowell, D. D., Rev. Daniel Sharp, D. D., Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D. D., Rt. Rev. Manton Eastburn, D. D., Rev. William M. Rogers, John Tappan, William Worthington, Albert Fearing, Heman Lincoln, Samuel May, Amos A. Lawrence, George R. Sampson, Jacob Sleeper, Charles T. Russell, Francis O. Watts, James C. Dunn, and T. R. Marvin, Esqrs.—Resolutions offered by Mr. Greenleaf, expressing a conviction of the expediency of establishing an independent depository of Bibles for the Society, and recognizing the whole State as the appropriate field of its operations, were adopted.

In the public meeting, introductory remarks were made by the President, passages of Scripture were read by Bishop Eastburn, and the Report was presented by Rev. Dr. Parkman. Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Huntington, Rev. Mr. Neal, Rev. Mr. Waterbury, and Rev. Mr. Woart, of Boston, and the Report was unanimously accepted.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—*Business meeting.*—At the Chapel of the "Church of the Saviour," Tuesday, May 30, 9 o'clock, A. M., Rev. Dr. Gannett, President, called the meeting to order, and Rev. Dr. Parkman offered prayer. Reports of the last year's proceedings were read and accepted. A vote of thanks to a prominent lay member of this body, for his efficient, disinterested and successful services in raising a subscription among the citizens of Boston to discharge the debt of the Association, was passed. G. W. Warren, Esq., Rev. G. W. Briggs, and Rev. C. Stetson were appointed a committee to nominate officers for the next year. A proposed amendment to the by-laws, requiring the annual subscription for membership to be paid in before the first of May, was adopted. The Committee of Nominations reported the following ticket:—For President, Rev. E. S. Gannett, D. D.; for Vice Presidents, Hon. S. Fairbanks and Rev. S. K. Lothrop; for Directors, Rev. E. Peabody, Rev. F. D. Huntington, Rev. J. W. Thompson, I. Bangs, Esq., and Albert Fearing, Esq.; for Secretary, Rev. F. W. Holland; for Treasurer, H. P. Fairbanks, Esq. On motion of Hon. S. Fairbanks, the names of the candidates for the Vice Presidency were transposed. Rev. Mr. Huntington, in behalf of himself and Rev. E. Peabody, declined re-election. Rev. A. Hill and Rev. C. Brooks were

nominated instead. The Association then elected Rev. Dr. Gannett President; Rev. Mr. Lothrop and Hon. S. Fairbanks Vice Presidents; Rev. J. W. Thompson, Rev. Alonzo Hill, Rev. C. Brooks, I. Bangs, Esq., and A. Fearing, Esq., Directors; Rev. F. W. Holland, Secretary; H. P. Fairbanks, Esq., Treasurer. Thanks were voted to the retiring officers. A motion offered by N. A. Barrett, Esq., to request the Executive Committee to leave the public annual meeting entirely open to voluntary discussion, after debate, was lost. A proposed amendment to the Constitution, offered by Francis Alger, Esq., providing for the establishment of Life-Directorships, was indefinitely postponed. The action of the Executive Committee in relation to the Secretaryship, was approved by vote. The Executive Committee was requested to issue circulars to all Auxiliaries, inviting a full representation of them, at the annual meeting. It was voted that the report of the Secretary be hereafter read at the business meeting. Rev. Charles Briggs was appointed (by the Executive Committee) to perform the duties of a Home Secretary. Adjourned.

Public Meeting.—This was held Tuesday evening, in the Federal Street Church. The President made some appropriate introductory remarks, and after prayer by Rev. Mr. Cordner of Montreal, the Annual Report,—which will be printed, was read by the Secretary, and being listened to with close attention, was accepted by vote. Of the Address by Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D., we shall attempt to give no abstract. It was a comprehensive, clear, discriminating and powerful production, treating of the position, advantages, peculiarities, prospects and immediate duties of Liberal Christians in this country. As catholic as it was profound, and as fervent as it was judicious, this grand discourse must have commended itself to every branch of our body. It should be circulated throughout the whole land. The views of preaching, of prayer, of family religion, were in a strain of pure and lofty piety, while those of reform should put to shame all narrow, partisan and selfish notions. It would be as unjust to the author as to our own sense of fitness and propriety to offer a bare *sketch* of a discourse so affluent in thought, and in beauty and power of expression.

UNITARIAN COLLATION.—In the vast Hall adjacent to the Depot of the Boston and Worcester railroad, at 2 o'clock on Tuesday, May 30, some nine hundred persons, ladies and gentlemen, sat down to a most hospitable and joyful feast, prepared by the generosity of the Liberal laymen of Boston. In behalf of these, Eben Dale, Esq. offered some appropriate and spirited introductory remarks, when Charles G. Loring, Esq., the President, rose and announced that a blessing would be invoked by Rev. Chandler Robbins. After the abundant dinner had been zealously partaken of, thanks to Heaven were returned by Rev. C. A. Bartol. Mr. Loring then drew the attention of the company by a few eloquent and timely observations, touching on the beauty and nobleness of a large-hearted Christian charity, and the superiority of a spirit of goodness to any sectarian peculiarities, relating an interesting anecdote of Whitefield's preaching, and concluding with a graceful acknowledgment of the presence of the ladies. Rev. Dr. Pierce read the first original hymn, which was sung *congregationally*. Dr. Pierce then told some entertaining stories showing most conclusively that he is not so old a man as some others, and giving from a

friend this excellent maxim as a recipe for longevity: "Rise early; live temperately; work hard; continue cheerful." Rev. Dr. Kendall of Plymouth pleasantly contrasted the days of his settlement with the present. Lieutenant Governor Reed avowed his satisfaction at the recent rapid growth and diffusion of the sentiment that the Bible is the only legitimate creed of Christians, and a sufficient rule of faith and practice, making special reference to the manly and catholic views of Dr. Bushnell. Mr. Congdon of New Bedford cited amusing authority from a Quaker neighbor in favor of brevity. Rev. Mr. Fisher, of the Irish Protestant Society in Boston, introduced Rev. Henry Giles who advocated, by energetic and pointed appeals, the claims of Rev. Mr. Fisher's parish to the sympathy of the Liberal public, feelingly alluding to the humble beginnings of Christianity itself. Here the Chairman read a very interesting letter from Judge Cranch of Washington. After a hymn was sung, Rev. Charles Brooks paid a warm tribute to M. Coquerel of Paris, now a member of the French National Assembly, whom he designated as the most eloquent preacher in Europe, having the satire of Juvenal, the rhetoric of Burke, and the spirit of Channing, and whose theological opinions are entirely in harmony with ours. Rev. S. D. Robbins then referred to the recent publication of the Memoirs of Channing, and gave some expression to personal reminiscences of that eminent Teacher of Truth. The Chairman then spoke cordially and with deep emotion of the recent deaths of two honored and trusted men, who had both preceded him, within four years, as presiding officers, at this table, John Quincy Adams and Jonathan Chapman. A brief but eloquent eulogy on the character of the latter was added by Rev. Dr. Parkman. After solemn music, Rev. Mr. Waterston reminded the company of the labors of our brethren at the West, and of the presence of other brethren of the Christian connexion, whose missionary ardor and self-sacrificing exertions are so deserving of our admiration. Rev. Mr. Dean (Christian) responded earnestly to Mr. Waterston's call, testified to the immense influence of Channing's writings even on the borders of the wilderness, and gave some striking passages from his own experience.

Moses Grant, Esq. presented the exposed moral condition of young men in the city, as a subject of intense interest to every Christian. Rev. F. W. Holland called attention to a devoted minister in Galena, Illinois, who absolutely cannot find a place where to preach the Word, to a waiting congregation, for want of eight hundred dollars. A cordial letter was read from Hon. J. G. Palfrey, which from its author's noble position in Congress and his high character generally, elicited repeated applause. Rev. Mr. Huntoon thought highly of this feast, more highly of nature in general, and more highly still of woman. The Chairman put a motion, offered by Moses Grant, Esq., re-appointing the existing Committee of Arrangements, and it was passed with enthusiasm; thanks were voted for the use of the Hall, and after concluding observations from the Chair, and the singing of the Doxology, the company separated in excellent spirits.

MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE.—This body met in the Chapel of the "Church of the Saviour," at 9 o'clock A. M., on Wednesday, May 31, and was called to

order by the Scribe. Prayer was offered by Rev. William Morse of Tyngsboro'. The Address, on the subject of "The Difficulties and Discouragements, Responsibilities and Duties, incident to the Position of Liberal Ministers at this time," was delivered by Rev. S. K. Lothrop of Boston. Thanks were voted to Rev. Mr. Lothrop, on motion of Rev. A. Hill. The organization of the Conference was effected by the choice of Rev. Joseph Richardson as Moderator, Rev. F. D. Huntington as Scribe, and Rev. G. E. Ellis, Rev. J. F. Clarke, and Rev. S. Osgood as members of the Executive Committee. A committee, composed of Rev. C. Brooks, Rev. Mr. Harding, and Rev. F. W. Holland, was appointed, on motion of Rev. Mr. Brooks, to consider the expediency of establishing a fund for the relief of aged ministers in poverty. Rev. J. F. Clarke moved that the Elders of the Christian connexion present, should be invited to take seats with the Conference, and the motion was passed. Subsequently, several motions of similar import, with regard to the Universalist, the Orthodox, and other denominations, were laid on the table, on the ground that the original title applied to the Conference,—that of the "Liberal Clergy of Massachusetts,"—was sufficient to prescribe its limits. It was ordered that the question of the adoption or rejection of a topic for discussion be uniformly taken without debate. Several questions being read, in connexion with the Report of the Executive Committee for the last year, the following was selected: "How may our clergy best obviate the dangers that threaten to harm their influence and limit their usefulness?" Rev. W. H. Channing spoke at length on the subject of Liberality and Union. He was followed by Rev. Theodore Parker on the same subject, and explaining and vindicating his theological position. Rev. S. Judd of Augusta, Maine, adverted to his local situation, and the peculiar difficulties besetting him, as well as to the advantages of that part of the country, and dwelt on the true Christian policy of a liberal body. Rev. Samuel Osgood contrasted the position of the Church of the Hierarchy, the Church of the Dogma, and the No-Church with that of the Church of Progress and the Divine Life as manifested in Jesus Christ. Adjourned till 3 o'clock, P. M.

At 3 o'clock, the Conference was again called to order, by the Moderator, and remarks were made on pastoral duty by Rev. R. Sanger. A Letter on the subject of Pastoral Visits, anonymous, addressed to the Conference, was read. Rev. T. R. Sullivan replied to some of the statements of Rev. Mr. Channing in the morning, and insisted on the essential and broad difference between the disbelievers in miracles and supernaturalists. He also dwelt on the distinction between Christianity as a system of principles, and any of the forms of the application of those principles. Rev. Dr. Dewey alluded to the difference between the views advanced in the address of Mr. Lothrop, and his own as conveyed in the address before the Unitarian Association, the evening before. Dr. Dewey maintained that the body of Liberal Christians occupy ground clearly and altogether distinct from that of the Rationalists, in relation to the authority of the Scriptures, and to the fact of miracle. He entered, also, a magnanimous and affecting plea for generosity, forbearance and a manly charity. In very striking terms, he censured the morbid spirit of discontent which speaks perpetually of the decline of our cause, and pointed out its absurdity. Rev. Mr. Holland introduced Elder McKinney, a delegate here from the Western Christian Conference of Indiana, who gave an interesting account,

of the purposes and position of his brethren, offering and asking fellowship. Adjourned.

Thursday morning. Rev. W. H. Channing, having moved that the subject of the day before be laid on the table, offered the following motion, "That, in fulfilment of the purposes of the body of ministers of this commonwealth, who, agreeing in liberal and catholic views of Christianity, formed in 1820 the Berry Street Conference, with the avowed end of diffusing practical religion and the spirit of Christianity, a committee be appointed to inquire whether some plan cannot be adopted by this Conference for promoting a larger unity in spirit, truth and deed, among christians." He then proceeded to speak on the making a belief in miracles a test of fellowship as an error and a wrong, and concluded by expressing a wish for the union of the liberal men of all sects. Rev. J. N. Bellows thought the question one not to be decided on abstract grounds, but by experience. Rev. J. F. Clarke pursued this idea, and avowing his firm belief in miracles, doubted whether they are literally the basis of any man's faith in Christ. Rev. Dr. Dewey argued that difficulties about portions of the record could never place the person admitting them on the same ground with those who reject its authority altogether. Rev. T. Parker adverted to what he considered the inconsistencies of Unitarian ministers on this subject. Rev. S. G. Bulfinch regretted the discussion, and entered into the argument for the miracles, pointing out the distinction between the School of Strauss and those who agree with Mr. Parker, the latter not having the coldheartedness of the former, nor the former the inconsistency of the latter. Rev. Dr. Noyes showed how it is that Unitarians, like other orthodox christians, stand on the Bible basis. Rev. W. B. Greene designated the diversities that obtain among Unitarians, and took the ground that no man denying the Resurrection is theologically a christian. Adjourned.

On Thursday afternoon, the topic of the morning was renewed, and Rev. E. P. Crafts spoke in behalf of an authoritative and supernatural Christianity. Rev. T. W. Higginson spoke in behalf of young men, urging liberal views and large fellowships, and censuring Unitarians as wanting in respect of positive tenets. The resolution of Mr. Channing was then adopted by the Conference, and the following gentlemen were appointed to constitute the committee:—Rev. W. H. Channing, Rev. Dr. Gannett, Rev. J. F. Clarke, Rev. S. Osgood, Rev. F. D. Huntington, Rev. T. T. Stone, and Rev. Dr. Lamson. Rev. F. H. Hedge then resumed the discussion, by request, and spoke on the church, unity, and authority, in their relations to each other, maintaining the necessity of authority to the unity of the church. He also referred to his recent travels abroad, to the evidences he had seen of the power and permanency, as well as the corruptions, of the Romish church, and gave a striking description of a Benediction by Pius IX., and the enthusiastic attachment of his people to that Pontiff. Rev. C. H. A. Dall regarded the restoring of the image of God in the soul of man, and that image, the life of Christ, as designating the positive work and creed of Unitarians. Adjourned.

Reports of other anniversaries are deferred to our next No.